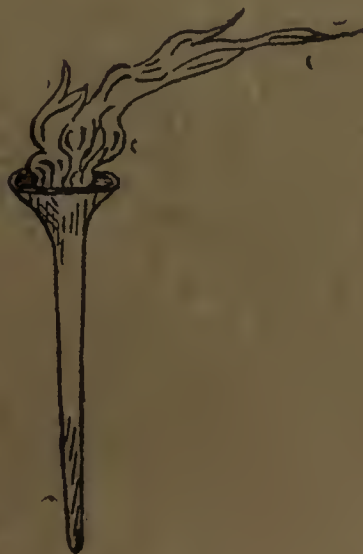


Mr. J. E. Hines

The **New Era**

MARPLE-NEWTOWN HIGH SCHOOL



MARCH
1916



MARPLE-NEWTOWN JOINT HIGH SCHOOL

The NEW ERA

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Marple-Newtown High School

NEWTOWN SQUARE, PA.

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Editorials

WITH much feeling and after a long consideration of the subject, the name of our school publication has been changed from "The Comet" to the more universal and significant name THE NEW ERA. We felt that this was the most appropriate one that could be chosen, for indeed a new era has dawned on this school and community. An added interest has been taken by all in the work of the new school and all parents should be thankful for the new opportunity it gives them for the education of the children. For this new school we must thank the joint-board of directors for their earnest co-operation in pushing on the idea of a first-class high school. Instead of the old two-year course we now have a standard four-year course with a curriculum second to none, seated in a building modern in its equipment.

At the same time it is a new era for our school publication. With its increased size and number of pages we hope to make it as interesting as possible to all our patrons. It is planned not only to be the official organ of the Marple-Newtown High School, but a medium for the surrounding community as well. Any news of particular interest we will be glad to receive.

AS spring again floats around we naturally turn our thoughts to athletics. Last year our track team, under the experienced direction of Mr. Schultz, did much to enliven the school sports. The track team participated in inter-scholastic meets held at Cheltenham, Glen Mills, West Chester and Villa Nova. Though this was the first year any

of the men had taken part in track work, the results were highly gratifying and a good spirit was shown by all. This spring with new material to choose from and with the veterans of last year, a most promising team will be put on the field. We are anxious also to organize a good baseball team and to arrange a schedule with other schools in the neighborhood. Last year no work was done in this line, outside of some practicing, although a good nine could have been formed. The girls also have an athletic association and before cold weather set in did some very strenuous work in basketball practice, but no games were played. When the warmer days come around the tennis enthusiasts are planning to turn the basketball court into a tennis court. Many here at school are interested in this popular sport, and much fun will be received from it. Our only regret about the new school is that the basement was not made deep enough for an indoor basketball court and gymnasium. However, we should be satisfied, as the school in all other respects is the best we could wish for. All present indications show that this school will be well represented in the way of athletics.

Sonnet

There is a pow'r within which bids us go
To higher selves and things beyond compare;
To endless heights of glory starting where
The angels meet the noblest here below.
And as we stare in wonder at its glow
We lose our earthly faults, for lofty ways
Give to the heart its touch and set ablaze
The soul to trust in God and keep it so.
He who has taught the plant to raise its head
And look above to grow His chosen way,
Shall free our steps, in walking, from the dread
Of doubting storms when wrong seems e'er in sway;
For if our Master guards the flow'ret's bed,
His gentle hand will guide us from the fray.

E. S.

Historical Sketch of the Newtown-Marple High School

THE idea of giving the children of this community the advantage of a high school education originated with the directors of Newtown school district, and in 1907 they started a two-year high school at Newtown Square. This school was successfully conducted for seven years under the management of Miss Adele Caley, but it was soon discovered that the one township did not have sufficient pupils to maintain a real or four-year high school, and that it was necessary either to give up what they had or to make some arrangement by which the real school could be obtained. It was truly a crisis which these men faced, as they had started the school for most excellent reasons, some of which were, that the children under their care might have as good educational advantages as those of any other district; that these might be obtained while the children remained under home influences; that the use of public conveyances by the children might be reduced to a minimum, and that these advantages might be open to the children of parents not financially able to send their children to good private schools. It was, however, true that the reasons which appealed to the Newtown Board appealed with equal force to the Marple Board, some pupils from Marple having attended Newtown's two-year high school, and the members of the two boards consulted together informally as to the advisability of a joint high school with a complete four-year course. Very deep and thorough consideration of the project was given by both boards; its advantages were known and thoroughly appreciated, but the expense of purchasing a site, or erecting, furnishing, and equipping a building, and of the maintaining of the school thereafter, was not to be entered into lightly, nor without due consideration of increased taxes, which in very many cases in these districts must be taken from the soil. Consideration was considered for a year before anything definite was done, but then both boards decided that as parents make financial sacrifices for the good of their child, so communities should do the same, and on the 27th day of April, 1914, an agreement was entered into by the two boards to "establish, construct, equip, furnish, and maintain a joint high school," the expense of which was to be contributed equally by the two school districts. The funds necessary to purchase a site and erect the building were provided by each district by the sale of thirty-year bonds to the amount of \$15,000.00. The names of the members of the respective boards entering into this agreement are:

Newtown—Dr. John G. Thomas, Dilwyn Lewis. Randall P. Dutton, William J. Leek, Richard Dawson.

Marple—Leonard S. Thomas, Maurice M. Dickinson, S. A. D. Lyons, Harry L. Hipple, John F. T. Lewis.

The officers of the original joint Board who have continued in office to this time are, Dr. John G. Thomas, President; William J. Leek, Vice-President; Maurice M. Dickinson, Treasurer; John F. T. Lewis, Secretary.

Only one location seemed desirable for a joint school; it must be on or near the line between the two school districts and near the public line of transportation passing through them. Several pieces of land fulfilling these requirements were examined and priced, the unanimous choice of the members being a tract of four acres owned by Dr. John G. Thomas, which was bought. The next matter was the selection of an architect, and the firm of Lachman & Murphy, with offices in the Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia, was selected, the completed building being sufficient testimony to the wisdom of the selection. Plans were drawn by this firm for what was intended to be a well-appointed, modern school building, with class rooms, recitation rooms, auditorium, etc., and at the same time well adapted for community use, so as to be a meeting place for the people as well, and bids were advertised for in Delaware, Chester and Philadelphia county newspapers. These bids were received on June 22nd and were opened and considered, the lowest bidders on the general building contract being Geo. F. Pawling & Co., of Philadelphia, at \$21,050.00; on the electrical work the Seville Contracting Co., of Philadelphia, at \$299.00; on the plumbing work Jos. W. H. Green, of Edgmont, at \$675.00; and on the heating work John J. Nesbitt, of Philadelphia, at \$2,660.00, and at a meeting held June 26th, 1914, the contracts were awarded as above, except that certain unimportant changes in the plans for the building were expected to reduce its cost about \$1000.00. The work was started soon after this, and progressed favorably, subject to the inevitable delays which always attend building construction, and was turned over to the board February 1st, 1915.

The joint board had, however, no intention of awaiting the completion of the building before starting the school and decided to at once appoint two teachers, find a temporary location, and in consultation with the teachers adopt a course of study. Miss Caley, who had done such excellent work in Newtown, was appointed and, after careful inquiry, Mr. Ernest Schultz, a member of the class of 1914 at the West Chester State Normal School, was made principal. These with Miss Gertrude Ferron, teacher of music, formed the staff for the first year. The board was, fortunately, able to obtain from Mr. Chas. W. Russell a suitable building, most conveniently located at the junction of the West Chester and Township Line roads, and in this building the school was opened September 14th, 1914, with 31 pupils, continuing here until February 1st, 1915, when the new building was occupied.

The course of study was adopted after much thought and investigation, as both the members of the board and the teachers were determined that it should be as good as the best, and in order to make it so availed themselves of the experience of the Haverford, Upper Darby, Lansdowne.

West Chester, and Easttown-Tredyffrin High Schools as set out in their courses, and on August 4th, 1914, adopted the course now in use for the first three grades, there being only first, second and third year pupils in the school during the first year. The course adopted included three subdivisions, the general, the classical or college preparatory, and the business courses. The board was fortunate in its selection of two capable, zealous, God-fearing teachers to give the school its start on which so much depended, and good, honest work was done in the temporary location in spite of the drawbacks inherent to any plant not intended for the use to which it is put, so that when the removal was made to the new building, which had already been curtained, lighted, and furnished as far as was necessary, excellent progress was made during the remainder of the school year.

For the beginning of the second school year, with its 42 pupils and four classes, a third teacher was necessary, and Mr. J. Norman Stephens, of the class of 1915 of the West Chester State Normal School, was appointed, and Mr. Stephens has measured up to the high Marple-Newtown standard.

The course of study adopted for the fourth year is an extension of that already in use, the whole curriculum being intended to give the pupil a thorough and complete academic high school education. There are other courses, such as physical training, manual arts, and domestic science which might be added with profit but which the board does not feel financially able to establish at this time.

Miss Gertrude Ferron did not apply again for her position as teacher of music, and the board appointed Miss Reba M. Shaw to the position. Miss Shaw has conducted this department with ability.

A severe illness suffered by Miss Caley at the beginning of the term necessitated the employment of a substitute, Miss Guthrie, for five weeks, and prevented the school from doing its best work at the beginning, but excellent results are nevertheless confidently expected from this second year's work.

The activities of the board since the end of the first year outside of the purely academic matters has consisted in the completion of the grading and driveway, the purchase of desks for another classroom, of book-keeping desks, of typewriters and a typewriter table, of physical apparatus and tables for its use, the election of a limited number of hitching sheds and the purchase of some additional ground on our western boundary from Dr. John G. Thomas at a price which makes it largely a gift. With the addition of this land, the school property now consists of over five acres, sufficient for a complete plant, including lawn, farming plots, athletic field, and sites for principal's and janitor's houses.

JOHN F. T. LEWIS.

Gleanings From Our Freshmen and Sophomore Poets

One On Charles

Charles Getz is very bright,
He studies his lessons every night;
But when it's time for his lessons to say,
Poor Charles' memory has passed away.

Living is striving for all that is best,
Loving and working will do all the rest.

Oh, my loving dear,
Just come here,
And do not fear,
For I am near.

Can it be possible! From a Freshman, too! Wonder who the lovely one can be?

Such a Little Fairy

A wonderful person was Leland Moore,
He would pick up a broom and sweep the floor;
He had a look that seemed real scary,
But when he laughed he looked like a fairy.

Modern Sinners

In summer quite content were we
To sit beneath a maple tree;
When autumn winds began to blow,
To the orchard we would go,
Never stopping till we found
The choicest apples on the ground.
Hiking off at topmost speed,
To hide behind some giant weed.
One by one did our treasures vanish,
But in our stomachs, oh! what anguish!
Since there was nothing else to do,
Home to mother quick we flew.
But alas! no comfort found
Save some whacks of a shingle sound.
Then off to bed with our aches and pains,
Which mother said were our only gains.
When in the morning we arose
A promise made, that everyone knows.
'Twas forbidden fruit that brought our fate,
So we made our vow before too late.

R. M. H.

School Spirit

SCHOOL spirit is more than is evidenced at a ball game in cheers for the home team and school yells—and who of us is not thrilled at such times with a pride in our school. Yet it is more than this. It should be a deeper feeling than this. It should be evidenced in a desire not only to see the school win in athletics, but also to stand well in scholarship and in reputation for the integrity of the students.

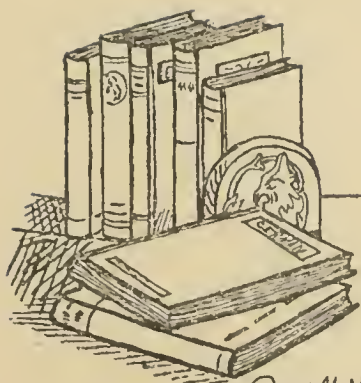
Just as dishonesty in sports is an unpardonable offence, so is dishonesty in other phases of school life, and yet is it so regarded by the student body? No one would cheer for an athlete who failed to put forth his best effort to win the game; no one would even have respect for him if he did not try to uphold the good name of the school. Is the student who does not do his best to raise the standard of the school intellectually doing a part for which he deserves commendation? Surely not. What, then, of the one who neglects to do his best even to measure up to the required standard? Certainly he deserves censure, as a ball player, who did not make any effort to aid his school in outclassing other schools, would be sure to receive from his fellows. Why? Is he not lowering the standard of the school by his indifference and causing it to be outstripped by other schools in intelligence?

But then there is another side to this question. If a student has acquired this spirit it makes the going to school much easier, studying comes more naturally, and going to school seems more of a pleasure. But if a student has not acquired this spirit the effect will be just the opposite; going to school will seem like going to a place of torture and the studies will seem like a drudgery.

This holds true not only in studies but also in the sports and the every-day life of school into which the students should enter and make the best of the opportunities offered. All students who wish to make a high standing in school work should have his spirit for studying and improving the mind, as it is the only thing that will make the successful student. All students should put their best work on their studies and show a good spirit for all things, as the spirit which they now show towards school and studies is the spirit with which they will take up the greater difficulties of life afterwards, and the spirit which they will have toward their business or their profession.

Let us scorn to be indifferent toward anything in our school life, but do with our might what we have the opportunity to do. We shall not only raise the standing of the school and our own standing in the school, but shall be far happier in our school life. Try it and see!

J. A. M.



Literary

A Winter Night's Ride

IT was a cold, dark night in winter, and as I rode home from the town where I had spent the day, I feared a blizzard was near. The skies had been gray and dull all day and several flurries of snow had fallen. Everything was deathly quiet and tall trees stood out like weary sentinels along the way. The road stretched out ahead like a ribbon and was lost in the dusk. Huge black rocks rose out of the gloom on either hand, and while riding through a strip of woods I imagined all sorts of horrors, but it was only the dead limbs of the trees rubbing together when the wind blew. Altogether it was a dismal night, and I regretted not leaving for home sooner, especially as I was not sure of the road. There were two or three forks in the road and also somewhere there was a cross-roads. I was riding an experienced horse, and the only thing I could do was to go on, trusting to his powers. It grew darker now, and at the same time I felt the tiny flakes of snow brush my face. The road was rough. I became alarmed, for surely my fine horse could not do all this alone. A sense of my helplessness came over me, but I cast it off. I must harden myself against it; surely everything would come right. I spoke to the horse and he seemed to double his efforts, and I knew he was doing his best. Suddenly I remembered I must go through a covered bridge. If only I could reach that bridge a great weight would be lifted. I had not heard of any bad turns beyond that point, and if this was the right way all would be well. I had no sense of direction whatever now.

The snow was falling slowly but steadily in a heavy mass, and soon the horses' steps were muffled as it grew deeper. I was covered with the same white blanket, but I did not care. I kept peering into the darkness, when suddenly I thought I saw something ahead like the outline of a large building. I knew it was the bridge and I could have cried out with joy. Here I stopped for a moment or so and patted my horse on the neck. He threw his head in the air, impatient to reach home. I did not think it could be more than three miles now to my old home, to which my parents

had returned but a short time before. When a small child I had lived in this place, but we had gone to the city and afterwards I had gone farther away. Now I had come back for a time. On the way I had stopped at the town to meet old friends, and so was late. But I was thankful now that I had kept this old family horse, which could be trusted on these dark lonely roads.

I was planning what I would do when I reached home, to make him comfortable for the night. Then I was sure I heard the sound of many horses tramping over the bridge which I had left but a short time before. My heart jumped into my throat. A sort of suffocation came over me. The road was supposed to be traveled little, and I had taken it because I was told it was shorter. It was late and I did not care for company. Moreover, who could it be? What was their business on this cold, winter night? All these questions were baffling, and I thought the night must be bewitched. I thought of "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," and I wondered if Irving had ever been placed in such a position that he could write the story so clearly and so forcibly. I shuddered and thought I would ride faster, but in such darkness it was impossible.

Meanwhile those riders were coming on. It was not long before I could hear them talking. At first I could not understand what they were saying, but there seemed to be about six different voices. It was plain they were excited about something. Then I heard one of them say, "We have been following him all day, and I don't see why we had to lose him at that livery stable. Why didn't one of you take him during the day? You had plenty of time, and we wouldn't have had to take this long ride to-night, a regular goose chase, too, I'll wager."

He was evidently the leader and seemed in no good humor. Another replied, "Yes, but we wanted to find out more about him, and we did, too."

"Well, what was it? I am sure though we knew about as much as was necessary."

"He was in the new jewelry shop."

At this my face grew very warm. I had been in that new shop that day, but it was my business, not theirs. What was coming next I could not suspect.

"Well, then, that was your chance. Any way we won't quarrel about it."

A third now spoke. "This is the most direct to that northern railroad line, and I'll bet he went this way."

"Perhaps," was the stilted answer of another.

They were very near now. I was sure they would see me at any moment. The darkness shielded me for a few seconds longer, but suddenly some one called out, "There's someone ahead! It's him! It's him!"

With a shout they closed around me and two of them grasped my bridle-reins. When I found my voice I turned to the leader and said, "I'm sorry, but you have made a great mistake this time; at least you

will please explain your conduct toward a peaceful traveler on the public highway."

He turned and said, "How dare you trifle with me in this manner? You have given me the slip once, but you won't do it again." The darkness hid my face, but I was really angry now. In vain did I tell him who I was. "Prove it later," was all he said. They were going to bind my hands at first, but compromised by guarding me closely, one riding on each side of me, two in front and two behind. They decided to go to the railroad and take me back by train. As we rode forward, I was forced to admit that I was in a ridiculous position and smiled to myself. This blustering sheriff, for such he seemed to be, would be taught a lesson.

Then it occurred to me that I would be taken past my own home in this manner. It was very late and I began to hope that perhaps my folks might have started out to meet me. But this hope was destroyed when I remembered they would take the other road if they did go. On we went. The men did not talk much; they were too busy keeping the road.

Suddenly I thought I caught a gleam of light ahead. I brought the hope of escape and I strained my eyes to see it again. The light appeared again, and came nearer,—then my hope was realized. The sheriff and his men were surprised at the appearance of the light and wondered among themselves who it could be. I could not think otherwise but that it was somebody searching for me, but kept silent to see what would happen. When they were very near the sheriff called out, and I was overjoyed to hear my father's voice in return. They seemed to know each other and I heard my father ask, "Have you seen anything of a traveler on the way? My son was coming home to-night and we heard he took this road."

"No, I have not seen your son," began your sheriff. But I thought it was about time to speak, and I interrupted, "I beg your pardon, but you have seen him and here he is."

My father looked at me and in the dim light he recognized my face.

I turned to the sheriff. "Now, do you believe me?" I asked. For a while he just stared and then admitted he did. There was a lot of explaining to be done. My friends had become worried after I had left and had telephoned to my home about my taking a different road. When it became late my father and two other men started to hunt me and they found me, but not as they had expected.

As for the blustering sheriff and his officers, they had been fooled again and were at a loss what to do. But they were only doing what they thought was their duty and were forgiven.

As for me, I had never experienced anything so exciting and as I was soon safe at home, I set it down as just "an adventure."

I. H., '18.

The Yellowstone National Park as Seen by a Tourist

WHAT impressed me most on my trip across the continent was Yellowstone National Park and its wonders. It contains 2,142,720 acres, with an altitude varying from 7,000 to 8,500 feet. The temperature during the day is pleasant, but the nights are very cold.

Automobiles were allowed to enter the park for the first time August 1st, 1915. There are many restrictions which the motorist has to follow. For instance, to enter the park we had to pay a fee of \$7.50; any firearms which we had were to be left outside. We could not pass teams, except in certain places, and had to take the outer edge of the roadway. Then we had to follow a schedule laid down for the automobiles by the Government. If we arrived at a certain place ahead of the time in the schedule a large fine was exacted.

Promptly at 6.45 August 8, 1915, we left Yellowstone, Montana, which is the eastern entrance to the park. We traveled along the bank of the Madison River, over a fine smooth road at an average speed of fifteen miles an hour. The scenery was magnificent; in the distance on both sides of us were mountains, some covered with magnificent pine trees, others higher, capped with snow.

We arrived at Fountain, or Lower Geyser Basin, at 8.30, altitude 7,240 feet. This is the largest of the park geyser basins, but its curiosities are so scattered that few can be seen. Here we had our first glimpse of the wonderful geysers and boiling hot springs which abound in this region. The ground surrounding the geyser basin is a hard, scaly crust, which had a hollow sound when we walked upon it.

We left Fountain at 10.30, and upon ascending a low hill we saw the Mammoth Paint Pots, which are like huge basins filled with thick mud, bubbling away. Some were of a delicate pink, others green or dull slate. Three miles from Fountain is Midway Geyser Basin. It is a part of Lower Geyser Basin, but owing to its size has been given a separate name. The great attraction here is Excelsior Geyser, which was the largest in the park, but which has been inactive since 1888. Near it are Prismatic Lake, filled with clear, boiling water, and Turquoise Spring, filled with deep blue water. Biscuit Basin was the next attraction, and takes its name from the peculiar formation at its south end. Near it is Sapphire Pool, one minute quiet, the next two or three boiling rapidly.

We arrived at the Upper Geyser Basin at 12.00 M.. Here the largest and finest geysers of the world are gathered together in a space only one mile north and south by a half mile or less wide. "Old Faithful," the most noted of all the geysers, is located here. It plays regularly every seventy minutes, throwing boiling water up to a height of two hundred feet or more. The Grand Geyser is the next best, playing only

every thirty-six hours. Its eruptions are strong and powerful and last for some time. There are many more here, but of lesser importance.

We left the Upper Geyser Basin at 2.30 P.M. and began our long climb over the continental divide. On the top of the first crossing of the divide, altitude 8,240 feet, is a little lily-covered lake, Isa Lake, whose waters in springtime hesitate whether to flow out at one end into the Pacific or out the other into the Atlantic, and usually compromise by going in both directions. Then the road turned down the long and tortuous cork-screw hill, at one point getting a view of the Teton Mountains, some distance away; at another Shoshone Lake. The road descended a little, but ascended again to an altitude of 8,345 feet, from where it pitched rapidly downward through dense timber to Thumb Station, where we first saw Lake Yellowstone. Beyond Thumb we ascended several large hills, and then going across a rolling table-land covered with dense pines, we arrived at Lake Hotel on Lake Yellowstone, at 5.45, where we had our first night's camp in the park. We had fresh salmon trout for supper, which, fried over an open camp-fire of pine limbs, were enjoyed very much. The next morning the first things we saw were three or four bears prowling around like dogs, after the refuse of the camp. We also saw a fine elk grazing among the trees near us, and obtained a fine picture of him. We spent the morning enjoying the beauties of the lake and surrounding country.

Left Lake Hotel at 2.00 P.M. August 9. Seven miles from there is Mud Volcano, a geyser which spouts thick mud continuously; and Grotto Spring, which is shaped like a dragon's mouth, out of which boiling water is forced with a dull roar. The next attraction was the Upper Falls of the Yellowstone. Steps lead down to them from the road, and it is well worth the climb down. The falls are not very wide across, but are 109 feet high. The spray of the water causes a beautiful rainbow, which is constantly changing. We arrived at Canyón Station at 3.15, where we camped for the night, having come but sixteen miles that afternoon. Here we were camped on a ridge. On one side of us was a deep ravine, where we caught a glimpse of several deer browsing on the under-growth.

Early the next morning, August 10th, we broke camp and went to see the Lower Falls of the Yellowstone River, which were near by. The nearest point at which we could see them conveniently was at Inspiration Point, four miles from the falls. They are 306 feet high, being higher than Niagara. The canyón is twenty miles in length, but it is only the first three or four, that the rugged, abrupt walls on both sides, a thousand feet in height, have the brilliant coloring. Orange-red, purple and yellow are irregularly blended in one confused mass. This coloring is due to the fact that at one time, fumes rising from hot springs deep in the ground, have changed the rock. The remainder of the canyón has not been acted upon by hot springs and so its walls are dark gray.

We could not leave the cañon until 1.30 P.M. for Mammoth Hot Springs. This was one of the most beautiful and perilous parts of our trip through the park. We were continuously ascending and descending narrow roads over mountains, with wonderful views of pine-covered mountain in the distance. At every spring or brook it was necessary to put water in the machine, as the steep climbs and high altitudes caused the water to steam up five feet in the air. We tried to get a view of Tower Falls, but the path was too perilous to get near them. Arrived at Mammoth Hot Springs at 5.30 P.M., having come but thirty-six miles that afternoon. Here is located the main soldiers' camp, who guard and regulate everything in the park. This was the worst camping place we found. We were camped among sagebrush, with no shade near us, and sand getting into everything.

Left Mammoth Hot Springs August 12th at 6.45 A.M. The first thing of note we passed was Liberty Cap, an extinct hot-spring cone standing forty-five feet above the ground. After climbing a steep hill we saw the hot springs. The deposits here are of carbonate of lime. This deposits rapidly, and if small articles are left in the water five or six days they have a deposit one-sixteenth of an inch on them. Down the mountain side this deposit has formed broad terraces many feet in height, each spring having its own terrace, some being red, others orange or yellow. Three miles from Mammoth we went through the Silver gate, formed by high rocks piled up many feet high on each side of the roadway at an altitude of 7,000 feet. Inside of this are the Hoodoos, which are large blocks of blackish rock piled up in a confused manner, and were evidently thrown down from higher levels by some earthquake shock. One-half mile farther on is Golden Gate, similar in form to Silver Gate. Then we passed Rustic Falls, seventy feet high. From there we passed into Swan Lake Basin. This was an abrupt change from the high walls of the Golden Gate Cañon into Open Mountain Valley, and is typical of many unexpected changes of the scenery in the park. Soon after this we stopped and sampled some Appolinaris water, but we did not relish it very much. Two miles farther on we passed a huge Obsidian cliff, altitude 7,350 feet, composed of hard, black, volcanic glass. On the right of us at this point is Beaver Lake. The dam is very long and heavy. An old beaver house was to be seen at one end of the lake. Then, at some distance, we could see Roaring Mountain. It is a late development of thermal action. In 1902 this mountain was thickly covered with pines, with only a small hot spring 30 feet square on the top. Then activity became greater, and since then the formation has been spreading gradually until all the trees on the top and half-way down the side have been killed. A half-mile beyond this are Twin Lakes, one of a blue color, the other green, connected by a small brook of crystal-white water. The Frying-pan, two miles beyond this, is a small hot spring steaming away in a manner which earned it its name; altitude, 7,500 feet. We arrived at Norris Geyser Basin at 8.30, at a distance of twenty miles from Mammoth Hot Springs.

The crust of the basin here is unsafe, so board-walks are laid out to the different geysers. Most of the geysers here are constantly changing in size, locality and character of eruptions. The deposits are like those of the other basins and are frequently covered with bright tinted growths which flourish in the warm waters. Here we saw several large bears feeding on garbage back of the hotel, which allowed us to come close to get a picture of them. They weighed about six hundred pounds at least.

Left Norris Basin at 4.00 P.M., followed a little stream through the many twists of its canyon, going up over high mountains, down long hills with ever changing scenery to the western entrance of the park at 6 P.M., ending four days of the most enjoyable time of a sixty-four hundred mile motor trip.

E. R., '16.

On the Feather

TWO motorists, having almost ruined their tempers—and their tires—in a vain attempt to find a hotel with a vacant bed, were at last forced to make the best of a small inn. Even then they had to share a bed, which was—and on this the landlord laid great stress—a feather bed.

They turned in, and one of the pair was soon fast asleep. The other was not. He could not manage to dodge the lumps, and heard hour after hour strike on the church clock until three. Then he violently shook his snoring friend.

“What’s the matter?” growled the sleeper. “It can’t be time to get up yet!”

“No, it isn’t,” retorted his friend, continuing to shake him, “but it’s my turn to sleep on the feather.”

Something That Was Worse

A friend once wrote Mark Twain a letter, saying that he was in very bad health, and concluding: “Is there anything worse than having toothache and earache at the same time?” Twain wrote back: “Yes, rheumatism and Saint Vitus’ dance.”

He Turned

Gertrude was home for the Christmas holidays, and in her honor the old folks were holding a reception. And in their honor Gertie brought forth her new garments. Picking up a beautiful creation, she held it up before the admiring crowd and said: “Isn’t this perfectly scrumptious? Just think, all this came from the little insignificant worm!”

Her hard-working father looked a moment, his brows darkened. “Gertrude,” he said, “that is not the way to refer to your father.”



School Notes

DR. FRANCIS HARVEY GREEN, of the West Chester Normal School, gave a very humorous and interesting lecture on October 28, 1915, in the Marple-Newtown High School auditorium. A large percentage of the people of both Newtown and Marple turned out to enjoy the treat in store for them. Besides Dr. Green's kindness in lecturing to us, he refused anything for his services, and thus made possible this issue of THE NEW ERA.

Mr. Stephens (to girl who has sought the back seat)—“Come up front, A—, so that we can be closer together.”

Edith Boyd tells us that Ponce de Leon, in Florida, drank of the “Fountain of Youth” (not water, mind), and felt younger ever afterwards. If he was able to digest that he would surely not die of indigestion from anything else.

Third Year Student (writing a composition on “A Thunder Storm”) —“The lightning struck some part of the harness on the horse which was going along the road, which scared it and made it run as though it was mad.”

Mr. Stephens—“Should the Philippine Islands be liberated or should they be retained by the United States?”

Student (who has been studying Burke on Conciliation)—“I think they should be conciliated first.”

The Senior class were all such bright students that they were exempt from the mid-year exams.(?)

Caution!

Do not leave any fine crochet cotton lying around the Marple-Newtown High School, as Mr. Stephens prefers the best Irish crochet cotton

to common twine for use in Physics experiments, and has been known to appropriate certain prize spoils.

Mr. Schultz told us in German class that love always inspires poetry. Mr. Schultz has been known to write certain poems. Therefore, we come to the conclusion that Mr. Schultz is in love. (Deductive Reasoning.)

The Senior Class Accomplishes So Much in Its Class Meetings

For example:

President (to class before school closes)—“To-night we will have a class meeting in the superintendent's office to decide on our class rings.”

[The class meet as directed.]

President—“We have two books here with pictures of class rings in them. Let us see if we like them.”

[Whereupon the Seniors all draw up chairs around a table in the center of the room.]

Edith Souder—“I like this one, No. 4315. It is seven dollars and a-half.”

Ethel Russel—“I like this one, No. 2416. Which do you like, Edna?”

Edna Hanley—“I don't know whether I like that one or not.”

Frances Edgar—“I don't care for any of those. Let's look in this other book.”

President—“You know you can get a ring changed if you know which way you want it.”

Edith Boyd—“I like either the first one or else the one 3456 on the next page.”

Margaret Boyd—“I don't know which of those I like best. We might as well get a good one while we're about it.”

Grace Duey—“I don't see anything nice in the second book. I saw someone else's class ring that I liked better than any of these.”

President—“Well, you know we can have them made as we want.”

Frances Edgar—“I don't think we have enough books. Let's send for some more before we decide.”

Edith Souder—“I move the meeting be adjourned.”

Grace Duey—“I second the motion.”

President—“It is moved and seconded this meeting be adjourned. All in favor say aye.”

A chorus of ayes!

Thereupon the meeting adjourned. If they have many such profitable meetings, I am afraid we shall do without rings.

“Say, they've named a theatre after you.”

“The Grand, of course.”

“No, I mean the air-dome.”

Our School

OUR school wuz wunce no school, it having gist been built last yere. When we started last fall we all thot it wud be nice to have a school paper, so we all got together and voted to have wun, and now everybody's holding thare heds because they got so much to think about, that is wot's to go in this paper. Last spring the fellers started a running team, but they having lost there breth so often they thot they'd lose it fer good, so they stopped fer a while, and the girls they started basketball this fall, but stopped when it began to get cold. Mr. Stephens, thare referee, got cold feet, say we, for he maid them give it up till warmer wether.

Mr. A. G. C. Smith pade us a very deliteful visit last month, wun of his anuel wuns, I meen. He says that the seniors are very degnified, he not having seen them chewing licrice sticks between classes and after school. Wen school started we had a substitute. We all liked her pretty well outside of school, but we didn't feel so turribly bad when she left. We've had sum swell snow storms lately fer which we are very thankful, fer very few being here at school on them days we didn't have many lessons. Our school is much further advanced than most schools, us having students guverment. That's whare the kids got all the say sumtimes. Most of us are sorry Xmas is over, but we're glad we got a new yere to start on anyway. Sum of us maid sum new yere's resserlusions and sum of us didn't, the wuns that didn't are very wise, says we, cause then they aint got none to breke.

Edith Boyd.

A Student Association

EARLY in the fall, Dr. Thomas, president of the joint board of directors, came to the school and pointed out to a meeting consisting of two students from each class, the need of a Student's Organization in the school. After some discussion and consideration it was decided to form an organization to be known as "The Student Organization of the Marple-Newtown High School." A constitution was drawn up and the following officers were elected:

President—J. AMMON MCGOWAN.

Vice-President—W. JONES NEAL.

Secretary—MARGARET DEASY.

Treasurer—ANDREW L. LEWIS.

"Men are always late," a woman in a shop was overheard to say. "I have waited here since 6 o'clock for my husband to come, and it is now 7.30."

"At what hour were you to meet him?" asked the woman who had joined her.

"At 5 o'clock."

Alumnae Notes

WILLIAM BATEMAN, '09, is at his home in Wayne.

John Hanley, '10, is employed in the post office at Newtown Square.

Charley Hanley, '11, is an employee of H. M. Lewis & Brother.

C. Lloyd Neal, '11, is principal of the Frazer High School. He is making good and his efforts there are met with much favor.

Roy C. Paige, '11, is teaching in the Episcopal Academy, Philadelphia. He spent a short while with us some time ago, which was appreciated.

Edith Edgar, '11, is a stenographer for the Mutual Trust Co., Bourse Building.

Mary Armstrong, '12, teaching near Berwyn.

Mary Croll, '12, at home.

Wilmer F. Loomis, '12, stenographer in a large manufacturing concern at Clifton, Pa.

C. Pfahler Edgar, '12, is taking an engineering course at the University of Pennsylvania.

Florence Neal, '12, is a Senior at the West Chester Normal School.

Myrtle Grim, '12, is now a teacher at the Newtown Square Grammar School.

Edward Souder, '13, visited us some time ago. He is now at home, but intends going to the Normal School at West Chester next fall.

William Smedley, '13, is an employee of the Mutual Trust Co., Bourse Building.

Katherine Sweeney, '13, is a Senior at the West Chester Normal School.

Bessie Sweeney, '13, is at home.

Lillian Hoskins, '13, stenographer and also teacher of shorthand in the Palmer's Business School.

Elizabeth Armstrong, '14, is now attending the Berwyn High School.

Edna Dickinson, '11, telephone operator at Newtown Square Exchange.

Bessie Dickinson, '10, now married (Mrs. Cunningham), and living in Philadelphia.

Mabel Downs, '10, married (Mrs. Ralph Ridgley), and living in Philadelphia.

Edith Connor, '10, telephone operator at Newtown Square Exchange.

Geo. Sanderson, '11, teaching school in New Jersey.

Blanche Weaver, '09, now Mrs. Ed. Haws, living in New York.

Mamie Howard, '12, taking a course at the Pierce School, Phila.

Christina Blackley, '13, a Senior at the West Chester Normal School.

Viola Chouthers, '13, a Senior at the West Chester Normal.

Helen Pancoast, '13, a Senior at the West Chester Normal School.

Elizabeth Boyd, '13, is attending the Wanamaker Institute, Philadelphia. She is taking a course in dressmaking.

Grayson M. Howard, '14, is taking a two-year course in Agriculture at Penn. State. He is now in his second year.

Heber Hartenstine, '14, is a stenographer at the Franklin Sugar Refinery, Philadelphia.

Ernest Downs, '14, has opened a florist and seed shop at his home in Broomall.

"What is so rare as a day in June?"

"A sunstroke at the North Pole."

Her Religion

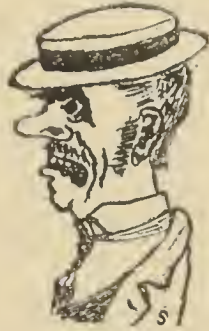
"I am sorry, but I advertised for a Scandinavian cook," said Mrs. Black.

"Laws sakes!" replied Paralysis Pearl Waddle. "What diffunce do it make what a lady's 'ligion am, des so's she kin cook?"

Teacher—"Who can tell me which is the index finger?"

Bright Boy—"It's the one you lick when you turn over the pages."

Funny Ones From Here and There



Real Foresight

"Now, Harry," said the mother, "take these jugs and go to the grocer's and get a quart of the best molasses."

"But why give the boy two jugs?" asked a neighbor.

"Well, if he has a jug in each hand he can't be dipping his fingers in the molasses and eating it up as he comes home."

A Little Glutton

Thomas' grandmother was packing his luncheon for him to take to school one morning. Suddenly looking up in the old lady's face he said, "Grandmother, does you specs magnify?"

"A little, my child," she answered.

"Well, then," said Thomas, "I would like it if you would take them off when you're packing my lunch."

Awful Pause

A gentleman who had married his cook was giving a dinner party, and between the courses the good lady sat with her hands spread on the tablecloth. Suddenly the burr of conversation ceased and in the silence that followed a young man on the right of the hostess said, pleasantly:

"Awful pause!"

"Yes, they may be," said the old-time cook, with heightened color; "and yours would be like them if you had done half my work."

Some Idea

Professor—"What would you suggest to put a stop to the lamentable crowded condition of the saloons on Saturday nights?"

Student—"Lengthen the bars."

Rather Dangerous

A cross-eyed farmer once asked a negro to hold a chicken on a block while he chopped its head off. When everything was ready the negro said: "Is you gwine to hit whar youse is lookin'?"

"Yes," said the farmer.

"Then you hold the chicken yourself."

Mr. Wood (meeting Mr. Stone on the street)—"Why, I'm glad to see you, Mr. Stone. How are you and all the little pebbles?"

Mr. Stone—"I'm quite well, thank you. But how are you and all the little splinters?"



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